

The background of the image is a deep blue and purple cosmic scene. A bright, glowing nebula or star formation is visible in the upper right, with a small, bright white star at its tip. The overall color palette transitions from dark blue at the top to a mix of purple and red at the bottom.

The Sun  
Lucifer,  
the Moon  
Diana

# **“The Sun Lucifer, the Moon Diana”**

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**ISBN 978-82-93616-33-7**

**Cover design for ebook:** Alison Imperioli

**Fanny Nine Productions, Haugesund, Norway 2023**

## **The Monomyth**

I wish

you were

my fire

I wish

you

were my

everything

the crown

in my creation

I wish

you were

the

fire

that

could light my

nighttime

sky

but

it all

ends here

it all ends

when

we do

this beautiful

cage

we made

is still

a cage

my fire

my star

the moment

will pass

and

I'll

be

alone again

my fire

my guiding

light

you

better do it

now

my star

better



pack

your bags

better

kill your dreams

and

ride

ride

into the sun

## **Earth Colors**

An earthbound

moonchild

a cup of decaf

and

then another

never ceased to

be herself

walked through

so many

doorways

colors

and

personalities

brown

green

and

a rusty shade

of red

2 more

cups

of decaf

put the

hair up

in a bun

bare feet

on the

wooden floor

talking to

your

brother

on the phone

the laughter

the empty

eyes

saying you

don't need

an intervention

saying you

can just

wish it all

away

earthbound

moonchild

with your

suicide notes

second and

third drafts



bucket lists

attempts at poetry

three

things

you need

for the garden

and three

more

you think

you need to

go on

love

books on music

and

naked rooms

painted

in

earth colors

earthbound

rooms

that asks

no questions

when filled

with

your

emptiness

**Helium Raven**

There's

no such

thing as

forever

just this

soft

drawn out

confusion

going on

for decades

engulfing

children's

birthdays

broken

dentist

appointments

ketamine

parties

being naked

with

someone

you almost

love

getting

parking

tickets

and

dreaming

of



a white

pearl

waiting

for

you

somewhere

in the

sea

remembering

the

words

I couldn't

pronounce

the

trees

and

mountains

I couldn't

climb

still

just

being there

petting

someone's

dog

on a

leach

being

there

in a dream

on a

death bed

feeling sick

to your

bones

cursing

and

wishing

you could

cast

spells on

people

feeling

like

the light

has gone

out of your

eyes

never to

return

as the

world

holds

up

a mirror

at

the end

of the

road

the white

pearl

still

waiting

somewhere

in the

sea



remembering

the

words

I couldn't

pronounce

the

trees

and

mountains

I couldn't

climb

remembering

just

being there

petting

someone's

dog

on a

leach

being

there

in a dream

on a

death bed

feeling

like

the light

had gone

out of my

eyes

the sound

of a

death

bell

remembering

a faded

photography

of

a

younger

simpler

world

with parents

and relatives

gathered

around

watching

a sad

blue

eyed

boy

taking

his first

step

**Dead Girl**

Never

so young

but this

is it

it seems

this is

how

it ended

dead girl

I didn't



know you

though

I just saw

the picture

didn't look

for it

didn't really

wanna see

you

like this

but

the blessed

peace of

eternal

slumber

awaits

just let

your

perished heart

guide you

there

dead girl

let it

guide you

like a

lantern

in the dark

never

knew

your name

dead girl

perhaps

there is

more

for you

I wish

there was

I could

wish

it for all

of us

but I

specially

wish there

was more

for you

an afterlife

a continuation

a

subterranean

garden

or an island

with

birds

flowers

and

waterfalls

maybe

a circle

of friends

there to

greet you

then after

a while

when ready

and if

you wanted to

you

could

come back

again

like



someone

else

someone new

you could

go

back again

back to the

trials

of the

living

from the

sleep

of the

dead

## **Fever Dream Carousel**

Round and

round

I

go

on a

painted

wooden

horse

noises

from the

carnival

filling

my room

filling

my head

delirium

fever

and

impotence

heat waves

hot flashes

clouding

my

senses

still

I'm

right here

longing

for

all

my

sweet

tomorrows

I can

already

see

them

up there

healthy

and

vibrant

lightning

fires

going

round and

round

circling

like

black angels

floating

on a

western

breeze



## **Poem Without Wolves**

The Moon

Diana

the Sun

Lucifer

as

the knife

is to man

so

the cup

is to

woman

as above

so below

as you

believe

the world

to be

so it is

a crawling

echo

a

strange

object

found

in a field

the Moon

Diana

the amber

orbit

the Sun

Lucifer

as you

believe

the world

to be

as

the river

embraces

the sea

so it is

the Sun

Lucifer

the Moon

Diana

**Opioid Hibernation**

Injectons

like

sweet



ugly

razor

blade

kisses

the needle

barely

breaks the skin

then comes the cravings

sugar

pity

love

and

nicotine

to fill the empty heart

hours pass

almost

awake now

from the

nightmare

of

experience

nausea

lungs

collapsing

sleep

hibernation

this

cruel

mistress

with

ones

childhood

always present

like a

siamese twin

or

a rusty knife

stuck

in the

throat

**Ontario**

Sometimes

I

look

back

at you

Ontario



your

golden

evening

sky

your

tree lined

city

streets

still

draped

in August's

warm

caress

Ontario

still

as

beautiful

as I

left you

Ontario

a love

not

fulfilled

Ontario

your

timeless

prairies

and

the

rivers

running

through

Ontario

your

jealous

winds

your

wide eyed

ghosts

my

youth

turning

to dust

in

your

embrace

Ontario

I

once

belonged

to

you



but

only

for a

moment

my

Ontario

constantly

changing

yet

staying

just

the same

your

scents

and

your

colors

still

as close

still

as strange

distant

yet

familiar

and

vivid

as the

poems

I once

wrote

as a

child

Ontario

our

memory

still

rests within

me

Ontario

our

splendid

sorrows

and our

ecstasies

the

promise

I once

made

to

you

Ontario

how

you

always

whispered

my

name

through

my

thunder



and

my

rain

storms

Ontario

my shadow

always

there

with

you

Ontario

in

the hearts

of

the

rivers

flowing

through

I can

still

hear you

Ontario

calling

me

back

again

in a

mother's

voice

**Affectionately Dissing Anton Newcombe on his 55th Birthday**

Five words

you have

spoken

Anton

you

liar

snitch

thief

presumed

former

piss christ

bedwetter

you

poet

artist

painter

of the

spheres

over all

beautiful persona

Anton

from

Newport Beach

being



all that

in your

roller skates

with

your fake fur hat

fancy

heroin

addiction

and

vintage sun glasses

on display

Anton

happy

birthday

Anton

with

that

big mouth

thanking god

for mental illness

writing

checks your

ass can't

cover

Anton

twinkle-twinkle

retro star

how we

wonder

who you are

the last man

on earth

much love

Anton

happy birthday

and by

the way

you

fight like a

little girl

## **The Pale Now**

In the

moment

there is

this

emptiness

a tear

running

down the

spine

a smile

you cry

as the

doors

are

closing

a childlike

melting

of the

oceans

and

the sky



above

the fading

of

The Now

the

endless

space

of

what is

what once

was

and what

could

be

in the

moment

a mind

never knowing

in the

moment

a glimpse

of

a pale

ghost

never to

be seen

again

## **The Only Living Boy on Cleveland Avenue**

Come parish

with us

they said

walk with us

out of

time

away from

the

faded photographs

of children

playing

in distant

afternoons

walk with us

into the velvet hallways

leave no

memory behind

no pale sunsets

no trails

of silver serpents

spelling out

your

name

no hydrants

flooding

August nights

walk away

and

parish with

us

they said

cherish

the child you



were

and

the child

you became

but

walk away

from

it all

down

the velvet

hallways

into

the deep

blue silence

**Famous Dead Painter**

Child

you have

no

respect

at all

it

shouldn't

take

you more

than

four years

to get

famous

though

maybe

six

to get

rich

now

all those

big boys

know

how to

fight

“suck my

pussy,

you vermin,

you

star”

when

you say

it like

that

no one

believes you

when you

write

it

down

everyone

thinks

it's true

btw

your ears

must

be burning

most words

are

more

meaningful

in their

absence



p p p

m

m

m

it's

the

same

with

people

so

just

paint it black

and

kiss her

you vermin

you star

paint

it black

and

let it

linger

like

heroin

paint it black

and

let it

linger

so it

turns into

a flower

after

you're

gone

**A Psychotic Beauty**

Hey you

the flower

in the

flames

I see

you

I see

the knife

that burned

your

memories

out

I see

the flower

in the

flames

I see

the empty

heart

I once

tried to

fill

I see

the fragile

creature

trapped

behind

lobotomy eyes

I see



you

I see

the flower

in the

flames

I see

you

like

a sun

who didn't

know she

was

a star

**Leaving Santa Rosa**

Birth

mother

the pale

woman with

the sleepless

eyes

and

all

that is

her

the hands

the fingers

the head

the spine

the sex

the heart

the

cheap wine

staining her lips

birth

mother

animal

mother

trying

to make

sense

where

there is none

putting words

in dead

people's mouths

screaming

at clouds

with

the

sleepless eyes

birth

mother

with

all that

is her

cutting

your cocaine

with

baby powder

letting

you fuck her



in her

white satin

dress

birth

mother

animal

mother

speaking

of

dreams

and

familiar shapes

that

sometimes

come out

at night

birth

mother

animal

mother

the art

of controlling

time

scenarios

and

even memories

speaking

of

how

the

dead

may rise

from their graves

and kill her

in her sleep

birth

mother

leaving you

to suffocate

on a

minimalistic

couch

birth

mother

animal

mother

leaving

her words

spinning

in mid air

leaving

cocaine cravings

and

white

satin

dresses

birth

mother

leaving

Santa Rosa

in those

frozen

hours

birth

mother

animal



mother

at the sound

of trumpets

the dead will rise

and

kill us

in our

sleep

goodbye

Santa Rosa

goodbye

earthlings

death to

any other

mother

## **Fall Becomes Summer**

A wow

of silence

an open

page

in a book

going

backwards

through

my days

as fall becomes

summer

and summer

winds

back into

spring again

no signals

no beacons

of light

there to

guide

me

I'm casting

the runes

to see what

the past

can hold

like a

flower

becoming

a seed

all over

again

**Horse Demon**

A phantom

creature

a non

entity

pure

exquisite

imagination

a child

of men

who themselves

were

never

born

sleeping

through

rain storms



famines

and

lunar

eclipses

given

strange

names

so that

your

shadow

may grow

bones

you are

dark

matter

feared

by all

my

imaginary

ghosts

horse demon

you

are

a picture

taken

inside

a dream

you

are

the bottom

of

a deep

dark

lake

you are

the

dead

hand

reaching

out from

the grave

my way

of seeing

what

can't be

seen

you are

all

my

dead

tomorrows

my horse demon

**Through the Eyes of Summer**

It is

what follows

after

weeks

of

apple blossoms

four letter

words

and

hot

summer nights

soft drinks

on

rooftop

gardens



the rites

of passage

bugs

a piece

of

gum

stuck to your

shoe

a

blue bird

of happiness

then the beach

jellyfish

and

horseshoe

crabs

swimming

in the

shallows

waves

and

seagrass

a stolen

peek

at someone's

naked

breast

a

multicolored

beach ball

escaping

to sea

never to

be seen

again

someone's

childhood

or

adolescence

unfolding

a first kiss

or

a first step

disappointments

and

growth

lessons

learned

then

lazy evenings

with movies

and

ice cream

visits

from

distant

relatives

that you

don't

really

know

but still

you feel



like they

belong

because

they

somehow

look

a bit like

you

## **Doll Bride**

In

the frozen hours

of night

I dream

of you

Kimberly

my doll bride

raven hair

and

dead

piercing eyes

sweet

candy colored

kisses

drawn

from

the ghost

of your

painted

smile

your

white dress

and

Red Bottom shoes

Kimberly

my doll bride

how

I

cried your

name

in those

frozen hours

how

I cried

and tried

to place

another

heart in you

sweet

Kimberly

my doll bride

## **Monce Venus**

Oh

Philip David

how I

stole

your rhymes

and

showered

in the

virtue

of your

sentiments

while you

hung

from a

rope

in your

sister's



bed room

at 36

Philip David

how

you

went

from

a minus

twenty

to a plus

four

and back

again

in a matter

of hours

and that

cock smoker

John

Butler

Train

put you

somewhere

between

the Devil

and the

deep

blue sea

as the

eyes

of the

dead

kept

turning

every head

Philip David

how

I rigged

your

schooner

and made

you

sail the

sea

of consequence

racing

you

from

Cooper

Square

to the

Horn

of

Africa

while

the cowards

and

the whores

was

peeking

through

the doors

to see

who's

winning

but

you know

how

we die

two times

don't

you

Philip David?

yes

we die



when

we pass away

and

then

we die

a

second

time

when no one

ever

mentions

our

name

again

**Star Machine**

A star machine

made of

star stuff

keeping your

eyes wide open

going through

your days

harvesting

star light

in recycled

paper bags

taking names

granting wishes

of

money

sex

and fame

like a child

pretending

playing dress up

with imaginary friends

hats and wigs

fur coats

and

princess dresses

the star machine

made of star stuff

running on

fumes

and broken dreams

the heart

tucked away

behind

thick walls

of sleep

and then the

sadness

can you feel it?

pulling like

a magnet

the star machine

made of star stuff



selling it all

back to you

love is cheap

and

lust is

nearly free

**Not for Jack Masters**

Silence

now

you

vermin

take me

to the

heavens

set my

pretty

face on fire

I am

what

I am

set me

on fire

child

I

am

useless

I

am

vile

longing

for

unconsciousness

and

extinction

I am

a

thousand

different

people

a

thousand

familiar

faces

every

single

one

of me

is real

we

are

no longer

bound to

the flesh

but to another

we are

no longer



Legion

my fingers

stretching

out

ten

miles

long

for

another

thousand

winds

another

thousand

ways

set me

on

fire

child

burn

my golden

locks

take me

to the

heavens

now

you

vermin

child

take me

to the

heavens

the one

who

adore me

and

let

me

sleep











